

The Critic

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The Jungle Book

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Mr. Kipling, who has done many remarkable things in his day, has invented a new

manner of wonder tales for children,—a little like an Arabian tale—but not quite; a little like the mediæval folk-lore in which creatures talk and govern the world—yet not altogether; a little like the marvellous fable of "Water Babies," dimly concealing a meaning—but not this either; authentic as Lilliput, strange as the glen where Kilmeny met the fairies, quaint, wondrous, fascinating altogether, above all East Indian every moment of the time as nobody but Mr. Kipling could ever have contrived it.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

There must be something wrong with a boy who would not sit up late to hear "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" (one of the Jungle Book stories) read to him * * *. But one fancies that grown-up boys, from 25 to

60, will get most fun out of the Jungle Book, and if they happen to know a little about the art of writing their pleasure will be increased. For the book has some writing in it to make artists in the business jealous; for example, the night ride of little Toomai on the big elephant to the great elephant dance in the jungle. It is hard to find in Kipling a more weird or effective piece of description—the very soul of the jungle seems to be caught in it, and, for the time, you are part of an unknown world.—"Droch" in *Life*.

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The Critic

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Degenerates and Geniuses

IT IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS when the man of science or the critic with a scientific bias enters the domain of letters. Witness Max Nordau, the German savant whose recent remarkable book "Entartung" (Degeneration) has not been Englished at the present writing and has received but scant attention in this country, although in England it has furnished Mr. Zangwill with a text for a witty and brilliant diatribe, and a leading Russian publicist has translated it into his own tongue, with a laudatory foreword.

Briefly stated, Nordau's theme in his large, two volume work, rich in illustrative material, is the degeneracy of modern art, literature and philosophy, exemplified in such men as Ibsen and Maeterlinck, Whitman and Wagner, Verlaine and Mallarmé, Tolstói and Zola. These marked personalities he regards, in his own phrase, as types of "a degenerative psychosis of the epileptoid order." This gives a hint at once of the writer's originaive impulse: he is a disciple of Lombroso, who, in his recent study "The Man of Genius," sought to show that from the point of view of the biological and psychological laboratory, genius and insanity, if not coterminous and interchangeable, were at least first cousins. Prof. Lombroso's name and fame as a specialist in the study of dementia give any word of his authority; but that he went too far in his theory, many scientists, as well as students of literature, have been at pains to say. Nordau's book is a more direct and a far wider application of this idea, because he is himself a literary producer and judge, and in large degree adduces specific examples and analyzes them. He regards such catch-words as *fin de siècle*, *décadent*, and the like, as significant of the unwholesome, diseased nature and work of the popular makers of literature, and of the age that hails them; that way madness lies, he thinks, whether it be the debauched hysteria of Verlaine, the egoistic indecency of Whitman, or the repetition of musical motives by Wagner. Certain latter day poets of high rank are in the habit of enriching their verse by the use of the refrain; and behold, Nordau seizes on this to brand them degenerate, imputing to them "echolalia," a form of insanity which consists of the idiotic repetition of words! This is a fair illustration of the absurd extremes to which the German thinker's zeal for his theory carries him, at times. He quotes pages of the dialogue of Maeterlinck, whom he politely calls a "fatuous babblers," to indicate the paralysis of brain and morbidity of emotion characterizing the work of the young Belgian. And almost always, whether in syllogistic wrath or contemptuous quotation, he is one-sided, unfair, coldly unsympathetic with the real aim and spirit of the writer he traduces—the last a well-nigh fatal objection to fruitful criticism, the first duty of the modern critic, indeed, being a perception of the environment and motive of the literary worker.

Nordau's screed is bigoted and unsafe, because his mood is scientific, not æsthetic; he confuses the part and the whole by concluding that, since men of creative genius have odd streaks, *ergo*, they are crazy—naïvely forgetting that in this same case are a myriad commonplace folk, irregular habits or pessimistic moodiness by no means being confined to geniuses, so-called. A wide application of his theory leads to palpable absurdities, and his prejudice is plainly to be seen in many of the passages he quotes, which, instead of being foolish and empty, are really beautiful and impressive. Nordau's apparent conception of art admits of no room for the literature of indirection, suggestion and melancholy. To take such a stand is to exclude Elizabethan Webster, much of Swift, moderns like Heine, Rossetti, Poe and a sweet host

more whose place is secure. If man be the only animal that laughs, he has not yet lost the trick of weeping, and "tears from the depth of some divine despair" will, until our nature changes, appeal to the soul in literature with a fascination as sure as the law of gravitation. The sad, artistically symbolized, has a more exquisite touch than aught else. Moreover, with the increased modern tendency to subjective analysis and psychologic exploitation, our literature is simply reflecting the change in furnishing forth such product as is attacked by this champion of the Sane.

But while we may lay finger on the intemperance, the harshness and the illogic of "Degeneracy," we should miss a lesson not to recognize that Nordau has some ground for his robust deliverance. It is significant, in the first place, that such a book could have been written nowadays by so able a thinker: significant, too, that M. Sewentkovsky should have believed in it enough to turn it into the Russian. That a marked phase of contemporary literature and art, under Protean forms of mysticism, egoism and realism, makes for morbid emotion, melancholia and pessimistic negation, is self-evident to every student of literature. It is literary product that lacks air and sunshine and the sweet natural emotions: it denies rather than affirms; it depresses instead of lifting up into cheer and the conquering vision. In a sense, though by no means so literally as Herr Nordau would have us believe, it is not sane product or at least not the sanest; for, as Zangwill says, "Sanity is of the sunlight, morbidity is bred of moonshine." To lump a dozen of the great names so rigorously attacked by the German as coming under the characterization, would be doing individuals of the group foul wrong; yet almost every one of them does stand for some manifestation of it: Verlaine for the mystic religiosity which is a reaction from physical excesses—Whitman for an ill-balanced conception of the eternal laws of art—Tolstói for the unpractical application of the ethical ideals of the New Testament—Zola for the monstrous theory that the strict scientific method is alone the true one in art—Maeterlinck for over-emphasis of psychologic associations and emotions in the drama—Wagner for moral irresponsibility and a dominant Me-worship. Obviously, the comparison here is seldom direct, these men being utterly disparate in mind, morals and artistic methods. The teaching of Tolstói is noble, that of Zola low; the life of Verlaine is that of a dissolute vagabond, that of Whitman pure and dignified. But they have a kinship in that they denote each some side of the modern unrest, and rebellion, the bizarre seeking out of new ways and means. That they should be handled thus roughly, studied as pathological material instead of æsthetic phenomena, will, perhaps, help to create an audience for wholesomer literature; and if once the demand become imperative, we shall see less and less of this deification of the lawless, the obscene and the sensual in our latest writing, which is one of the conditions of its existence.

While the work, then, of these leaders may much of it be degenerate, just as the mental and moral states of the majority of humankind is degenerate from the ideal norm of mentality and morality, this is only viewing our fellow-man from another angle of vision, with the remark of the sage in mind:—"Sanity is a balancing of small insanities." Genius is something more than a neurotic phenomenon, and it is to be judged by other tests: the sanity of the ordinary person is decided by his adaptability to his practical environment; that of the genius in the same way—by the world's sober-minded, final acceptance of what he gives it, a high proof that he is not "out of tune and harsh." Degenerates may be geniuses, but this is vastly other than to say that geniuses are degener-

ates. In the meantime, let it not be forgotten that the healthy demand of society for wholesome art and letters will be a tremendous therapeutic agency in correcting all excess which threatens to throw those "small insanities" out of balance.

RICHARD BURTON.

Literature

"Althea"

A Second Book of Dialogues on Aspirations and Duties. By Vernon Lee. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

IT IS A THINKING, analyzing world that "Althea" shows us, a world which bridles its emotions, in order to study the more easily their disturbances, their calms and tempers, their sudden rebellions and nervous, quivering submission. An intense, intellectual life finds its expression in these pages. We see a keen, anxious, high-hearted struggle to discover what the individual can do for his race, how he can turn his personal emotions, his selfishness, his culture to the best account. The influence of one quality upon another and upon character, the product of them all; the distinction between the elevating and the degrading emotions; the effect of imagination and thought, of friendship and love, of music and art, upon the soul, these are the themes, elusive and evanescent, but warm and vital, that play through the shifting dialogues. The form employed is excellent, enabling the writer to study an idea or a theory from different points of view, to revolve about it and elucidate it, or to test its strength by questioning and contradiction. In these shades of opinion we find so many of our own unformulated thoughts and beliefs and aspirations, that we welcome them with genuine affection, "since what we all require," the writer says in her preface, "are companions in thinking, quite as much as teachers of thought." And both conservatives and radicals will find some opinions here to answer to their own. The characters whose discussions are thus laid before us are avowedly shadowy. They appear merely to express certain ideas, to embody definite theories, or to inspire the expression and development of such ideas and theories in others. And yet, mere minds as they are, there is a wholesomeness, a heartiness about them, which fill them out, complete them, and sometime almost make them breathe and live. Althea, wise, temperate, clear-sighted, dominates the book, bringing the intelligent worldliness of Donna Maria, the modernity of Carlo, and the artistic sensibility of Baldwin under her frank influence, into her clarifying atmosphere.

It is sugar-coated philosophy, perhaps, but there is nothing either sensational or morbid in these dialogues. Their fine serenity grows out of a healthful, sympathetic belief in humanity; and, if their ideas are not practical, they are at least suggestive and helpful. The first half of the book is particularly stimulating, the writer having a much firmer grasp of her materials than in the last three essays, and more originality of thought. The dialogue on "The Value of the Individual" contains many pregnant sentences and gives one a sense of responsibility, of one's duty to the race. It takes away the feeling, as Althea says, "that life is all a sham, men and women merely so many puppets jerking idiotically about. It makes them real, somehow, real like the sea and sky and the grass and trees." And earlier in the argument there is a trenchant paragraph or two about that quality upon which we all pride ourselves:—"I am angry with the slackness of certain folk," says Baldwin, "what they call *large-mindedness*, because I feel, it would suit my laziness so well to be large-minded, too. I assure you, I feel at times a shame within myself, an inordinate respect and envy for people of cut-and-dried ideas and a certain narrowness of nature, like my cousin Dorothy, who would simply turn away in detestation of so much that I analyze, explain, condone; to whom some creatures I tolerate would be simply repulsive. I wish that I, too, were narrow, had not a certain power of sympathizing and making allowance, a certain abominable adaptability to

everything that is human." An idea like this lets in some light upon our complacent self-satisfaction in idols that are sometimes misshapen.

"Orpheus in Rome" is a strangely poetic mingling of description and argument—an operatic dialogue, perhaps, in which the exquisite tributes to Hastreiter's "Orpheus" are a kind of orchestral accompaniment to the discussion which grows out of it. The music accents and guides the talk, which turns upon the relative influence of classic and modern art upon ourselves. Carlo argues, much to the annoyance of the beauty-loving Donna Maria, "that all this 'Orpheus' music can never please us, except as a resuscitation; that it may interest us, and even, once we are in the right frame of mind, give us a certain amount of pleasure, but that it can never become a reality in our spiritual life, like Schumann and Wagner, and even like Grieg and Boito, because it isn't the product of our own times and our own minds." And later:—"Poison or not poison, this modern art has spoilt us, with its acrid flavor, its heady strength, its visionary fumes, for any art like this. We may drink of this clear stream of Gluck's music, and say, 'Oh yes, very good water, quite delicious, and, doubtless, free from every kind of deleterious matter,' but our soul is still athirst, and we run back to Wagner and Schumann."

Terse and vivid descriptions of nature salute us often in these pages—swift interludes which show keen poetic observation and throw their light, grey or sunny, on the dialogues. One finds, too, now and then, shrewd and suggestive bits of character study. A profound truth is expressed in the dialogue "On Friendship":—"I am getting to believe more and more, with every day that comes and goes, that, despite all friendships and all loves, we must rest content to live alone with our own soul. Our thoughts, our aspirations, our only valuable confessions and penances, come to us only and alone; our veritable intellectual and moral life, like our veritable physical life, takes place in isolation. Sympathy may help, love may help; but what we actually feel and think and do, we feel and think and do alone." But such an expression of intimate, intangible thoughts as one finds in this volume, serene and hopeful in spite of its delicate pessimism, brings one nearer to one's friends and the world, puts one in touch, in a measure, with humanity.

"A Flower of France"

A Story of Old Louisiana. By M. E. Ryan. Rand, McNally & Co.

IT IS SAID THAT the true canary-bird can be bred into the golden fairy we know by being fed on the brilliant flowers of marigolds, saffron cake and the yellow pigment powders that in his moulting season produce his crown of gold and the sunny shimmer of his armor of feathers. Then put him near an educated German bird, and he will catch you twenty tunes through his fine, imitative instinct. Not so, however, with the human green-finch, be he ever so clever and imitative: he will not moult into the true canary with "lizard" spots of silver and gold or palest primrose, and he betrays his fraternity by some ineradicable blemish. Thus it is that the seeker after "local color" runs after false gods, and thinks that by dwelling among the Moabites he can saturate himself with indelible dyes of the country and reproduce its very essence for the reader. And so it has come about that the world is full of the false Anacharsis, the pseudo-Hypathia, the fancy-dress-ball Aztec and the mystic Sálammó flaunting unwholesome cosmetics. It is not every one who, like Charles Kingsley, can sit down and write successfully an historical romance from books, after a flying visit to the West Indies: in most such attempts, according to the Roman writer, "fructu non respondente labori."

In this way the author of "A Flower of France" has failed to reproduce her Louisiana, because she does not really know it. The landscape is good, the descriptive parts of the book recall well the languorous, mosquito-haunted land,

the oozy rice fields, the realm of indigo, jute and cane, and the Japan like canebrake with its tossing and myriad cannaplumes; but when it comes to the Creoles, the Spanish and French *habitants* of these picturesque lowlands, the reader floats on the waters of unreality, and feels at once that the men and women of the book are phantoms, not studies from life. Mrs. Ryan has no real familiarity with the life she attempts to describe, any more than she has with the proprieties of the French and Spanish languages, which she so relentlessly misspells and misuses. Her ideas of the use of *don*, *doña* (which she converts into the Italian *donna*!), *señora*, and the like are filled with amusing blunders, quite as bad as it would be to speak of the Grand Old Man as *Sir* Gladstone. The old conception of the carnivorous, blood-and-thunder novel revives in her manipulation of Creole story, and murder and abduction follow each other to the 162nd page—we can read no further. This is not the way to treat the beautiful life of Old Louisiana and its poetry: Cable has not treated it so, neither has Mrs. Chopin, nor Grace King. Indignation may make Juvenal's poet, but imitation can make nothing but—imitation.

In the Land of Prayer Mills

Diary of a Journey Across Tibet. By Captain Hamilton Bower. Macmillan & Co.

IT REFRESHES the midsummer reader to read this work, which was written "often with half-frozen fingers in a tent." We are taken across the high places of the earth where winter reigns in summer and has absolute control during the rest of the year. Capt. Bower of the Seventeenth Bengal Cavalry, while living on the torrid plains of India was smitten with the desire to wander among the peaks, passes and glaciers of the mid Asian highlands. His thoughts turned towards the mysterious land of Tibet. Near the India side, beside granite peaks, desert sand and verdant glens, were monasteries, Lamas and praying-wheels. Further to the east, however, lay the true Tibet, which on all honest maps is a huge, white blank. Well equipped with scientific instruments and arsenical soap, vaseline and abundance of woollen clothing, not forgetting a good battery of guns with lead and power, he left Simla on April 4, 1891. The blood red line on the map accompanying his narrative gives the location of his camps and his general route. Although there are vast unexplored regions on either side of his route, yet it is evident that nature has obligingly supplied this part of the world with lakes, springs and streams, which keep the traveller from being desiccated. The altitudes seem almost incredible, being often between 16,000 and 18,000 feet; yet they were carefully measured, and the real value of the book consists in the fact that the daily records were made when everything was fresh in the writer's memory. Though the work lays no claim to literary merit or style, it is remarkably fascinating as a straightforward record of a traveller who enjoyed to the full the phenomena of nature and man. The cold was intense, and even in October the horses and dogs, when emerging from the water in which they had waded, were coated with ice. Judging from what is said about dancing and the pictures of the dancers, it is evident that a good deal of human caloric is maintained by that lively exercise. Glimpses of monkish life are given from time to time, and from text and pictures one sees clearly that the favored spots of the highest earth are occupied by monasteries. Some of these buildings are erected upon hills, as though they were located as fortresses.

One of the most interesting chapters is that upon the religion of the country. Tibet has for ages lain under the incubus of probably the most corrupt form of Buddhism to be found on earth—unless that of the Nichiren sect of Japan be excepted. "Existence it holds to be misery, and contemplation a virtue—doctrines it is impossible to conceive as being an incentive to great or good actions." The author calls attention to the fact

that the Buddhism which came, years ago, from Nepal into Tibet was in reality a sort of atavism, in which the old Hindu gods had reappeared as the principal element. When this form of Buddhism, so strongly impregnated with Hinduism, was still further influenced by Shamanism and still more modified by Lamaism, the modern religion of Tibet "does not appear to be correctly described as Buddhism." In travelling through these mid-Asian highlands one sees little that can be connected with Gautama or his doctrines, certainly not more than can be connected with Hinduism. Yet in no country is religion so much in evidence; every man has a praying-wheel in his hand, which he continually turns, even when on horseback. Piles of stones engraved with mystical sentences are met with; flags bearing the same mystical sentences flutter in the wind, and in the very hills and rocks they are inscribed, yet all this outward show means little more than gross superstition and has but a very remote connection with morality. Capt. Bower has some valuable notes on the natural history of the region, and furnishes a diagram of altitudes and a useful index. There is a plenty of illustrations and, altogether, this, one of the most unpretentious, is really one of the most useful books yet produced about the land which is every year getting less and less mysterious. After a few more travellers lay bare its reality, the humbuggery which has so long sheltered itself under the name of "esoteric" Buddhism will vanish in thin air.

"Social Reform and the Church"

By J. R. Commons. With an Introduction by R. T. Ely. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

DEVOTEES OF THE "Dismal Science," as Carlyle called political economy, are doing all they can to relieve their science of its dismalness, and, following the example of Harriet Martineau, to throw around it the brightness of literary style and association. Without this halo it appeals in vain for sympathizing students, ordinary men and women understanding too little about labor and capital, sociology, municipal reform and the problems of poverty, to care about mousing among their mysteries. How few people, indeed, care anything about their own domestic economy—economy, in its strict, Greek, etymological sense—meaning the "regulation of the household"; and when the formidable adjective "political" (etymologically, "relating to the state, polity, or polis," the Greek city-state) is planted before it, and we have "the regulation of the state household" as the result, interest vanishes into the dim distance, and humanity flies for refuge to the paper-back novel. The new school of political economists, however, like the new school of paper-hangers, have discovered the error of their ways, and no longer drape their spaces with funereal designs; they have rediscovered the singular charm of old Adam Smith, who virtually founded their science, and they are making haste to get themselves shod with the preparation of the gospel of (literary) grace. The school represented in this country by Prof. Ely and the present author, whatever be their shortcomings—and they are grave—as political economists, have a realizing sense of the need of this grace, and are making eager strides in the direction of simplicity, directness of statement and freedom from technicality. If the public is ever to understand what sociology and the countless "movements" in current politics mean, it must be through the illumination poured in upon it by certain minds, themselves illumined with a true sense of the importance of these problems to the social welfare, and with a gift for expounding them to the uninitiated.

In Prof. Commons's book there is much to commend and much to object to, sociologically considered. The style is eminently clear and readable, and the chapters, originally delivered as lectures before Christian audiences by this Indiana professor, read like editorials thrown off in the sanctum

of the editor of one of the great dailies. There is undoubtedly much truth in the author's main contention that Christianity is the cause of our social problems, and that it is the failures of Christians, and especially of Christian preachers, that perpetuate and intensify these problems; but we cannot follow the author when he suggests that Christian pulpits should be turned into chairs of sociology, to teach people social science. We would refer Prof. Commons to a recent admirable paper in the *London Spectator* on "The Secularization of the Pulpit," which points out the daring and danger of the half-frocked priest, who is neither fish nor flesh, and simply amuses his audience through a tired hour, not with Christ but with Most, and not with our Lord's "strike not," but with "strikes."

Again, Temperance Reform is an excellent thing, altogether commendable in itself; but when Prof. Commons's interpretation of the text is total prohibition, total abstinence, and other forms of questionable toleration, we beg to be excused from ay-ay-ing everything he says. The author, like his introducer, Prof. Ely, is a state socialist, and clamors for municipal ownership of gas-works, town railways, electric lighting, and so on. These are vexed and as yet unsettled questions. What is applicable to Liverpool and Glasgow, in the tenement ownership problem, or to Berlin and other European cities in reference to their public works and enterprises, may not at all square with republican institutions, and wide differences of opinion must be allowed. We like much what the author has to say on "The Educated Man in Politics" (hitherto we have had the "un-educated man") and on "Proportional Representation." The latter is the Swiss system, so successfully pursued in that fortunate little republic, which is solving so many governmental problems for the world. It is too complicated for us to present here, but, as one result, says Prof. Commons, it would have rid us of the McKinley Bill:—"The Congress which passed the McKinley Bill did not represent the people. There was a Republican majority of three, but according to the popular vote [by the method of proportional representation], there should have been a Democratic majority of seven" (p. 157). So, in the "upheaval Congress," which followed this one, the Democratic majority should have been, proportionally, 39, instead of 119. Thus, in easy and interesting terms, the author goes on to discuss many burning questions, doing what he can to solve or throw light upon them in a facile and untechnical style. He does not attack his fellow political economists, possibly remembering that old Tacitus had said *acerrima proximorum odia*, but he is not without vigor in discussing his chosen subjects.

"Maximilian and Carlotta"

A Story of Imperialism. By John M. Taylor. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PERHAPS THE MOST pathetic victim of the Third Napoleon's "glorious" reign is the poor woman who dwells in mental darkness in a Belgian *château*, happily oblivious of the catastrophe, but dimly remembering the splendors of the empire whereto her ambition aspired, and which it attained and held for all too short a period. Nearly all the other actors in this drama have gone down to their graves in sorrow and disaster: Napoleon and Bazaine in exile, Juarez harassed to the last by revolutionists. The story of Maximilian's short reign has been strangely neglected by historians, and the present monograph, short though it be, is therefore welcome. It deals with facts alone, but largely with facts that are but little known among us, although the Empire of Mexico and its fall form one of the most important episodes in the history of the diplomacy of this country. The great Napoleon dreamt of an empire in the East—the domains of Alexander; his nephew turned to the West, and conceived a strong Latin state that should separate and defend Roman Catholic South America from the mighty Protestant North. His choice of a son of the house of Habsburg was in itself a happy one—for are not

the Austrian rulers the most devoted sons and defenders of the Church? But Maximilian, whom this writer treats with chivalrous consideration, was neither a statesman, a great military leader, nor even a politician. Called to the throne by the clerical party of Mexico, he antagonized the Church; dreaming of an empire by the will of the people, he neglected the masses that would have made him strong. Vacillating, generous, trusting as are all high minded men, he could not distinguish between traitors and friends, nor foresee the abandonment of his cause by Napoleon. Neither does he seem to have understood the ominous importance of the opposition of the United States, which Mr. Taylor rightly considers as the true cause of the withdrawal of Napoleon's troops; the more than passive interest taken in Juarez's cause by Grant and Sheridan he estimates also at its true value. Maximilian's execution has been condemned and approved; he was a prisoner of war, and as such considered himself, and was considered by all governments, including our own; but we cannot judge Mexican civilization by our standards, and Juarez was not entirely unjustified in his course.

Mr. Taylor has drawn a sympathetic picture of the true nobleman, Quixotic in his trust in the honor of others, who was deceived by all, from Napoleon to Miquel Lopez, the favored officer who sold him at Queretaro. Maximilian was a Bayard of the nineteenth century, handed over, blindfolded and bound, to a band of low adventurers. Carlotta, who was really the statesman of the two, foresaw the catastrophe, and tried to avert it. She struggled in vain for the consolidation of her throne, and in the supreme effort, when everything around her crumbled and fell away, the blow came that must have made her husband's last days doubly bitter. But with all its misery and sorrow, the episode of Maximilian and Carlotta marked a stadium in the history of this continent. It found its birth in one of the strangest brains that mankind has ever produced—a brain that for twenty years obtained practical, tangible, brilliant results by the most fantastic methods,—and can therefore hardly be considered as a needed lesson; still, necessary or not, the precedent was established and will never be forgotten. Mr. Taylor's book is not perfect, but it would be well if every American obtained through its pages a more intimate knowledge of the history of Maximilian's empire, and of the meaning of its fall.

"The Ebb Tide"

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Stone & Kimball.

ONE RE-READS "The Ebb Tide" only to have one's mind disturbed anew with the questionings roused on the first reading. It is an inscrutable book: is it complete?—is it holy or malign?—is it merely a grotesque, thrown off casually to be sold or to gratify an importunate publisher—a sop to Cerberus? Or is it the result of a conscious investigation of the mysterious, such as would interest Mr. Stevenson's Scotch mind? Poe's and Hoffman's weird tales imply no purpose: they are the feats of conjurors or Cagliostro's; but Stevenson's are—or seem to be—scientific and searching. He appears to be testing the intentions of the Devil, the secret of evil in strange manifestations. One cannot do miss his books as one would the romances of Scott or Balzac, in which the effort has been to represent men and women, or society as a whole, as we know it, and we can readily pronounce judgment as to the verisimilitude of their *dramatis persona*, even if we have not encountered the originals. In many cases they are puppets dexterously danced by a string. Thackeray's were not so; and Stevenson's also have their being independently of their author, his art displaying itself in making them real. He is more like a microscopist gifted with a keener power of sight than any other, and with a skill of words quite unparalleled and always at command to record with charm what he is observing with singular accuracy. He is more than a microscopist, however: he constructs problems, and from his collection of living specimens, selects the creatures to work out those problems. When the problems

are thus in operation he describes with sympathy the unhappy actors, but he is incompetent to demonstrate the springs of action or the meanings of their lives. He cannot tell why John Silver, or Markheim, or the strange pearl-fisher in "The Ebb Tide" were born into the world. While he observes them closely and describes them in a way that makes them live before our eyes, he takes good care not to let the scientific or psychological side of his work obscure its interest as a work of art. Hence the fascination of such tales as "Markheim," "Dr. Jekyll" and the one before us. We should like to know his opinion as to whether that sybaritic religious enthusiast—the pearl-fisher—was a hypocrite, a maniac, or a moral power in a field of action too confined. It is well that he imprisoned him on an island unknown to navigators, instead of letting another Frankenstein loose upon the populated parts of the world. Herrick is a problem, too, but more easily to be comprehended. And even in his uncertainties his influence is a tonic through all the unhealthy scenes of the quartette. Unsatisfactory as the book may be pronounced, incomplete as in a sense it is, its fascination is great. It causes restlessness and perpetual questionings, yet one yields readily to its spell. For once, the women are not missed in this gruesome tale; and it is better that they should be absent from it. The book is handily bound and attractive in form and finish.

Restless Canada

Canadian Independence, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation.
By James Douglas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PUBLICATIONS lately noticed in our pages, in which the future of Canada is discussed by writers of ability and authoritative position, like Goldwin Smith, George R. Parkins, and A. O. Howland—who, we see, has just been elected a member of the Ontario legislature for Toronto,—will have given some idea of the variety and perplexity of sentiment prevailing among our northern neighbors in regard to their political destiny, as well as evidence of their growing dissatisfaction with their actual position. To those volumes is now to be added a book of less size and pretension, but not less deserving of respect for ability and fairness. Mr. Douglas has the advantage of writing from a special standpoint—that of "a Canadian long resident in the United States," and therefore qualified by experience for dealing with both sides of the annexation question. There are, fortunately for the country, multitudes of such desirable residents, quite enough, indeed, if they could be brought together, to make by themselves a populous and certainly also a prosperous State. They belong to two widely different classes, or rather categories. The one and far the largest division comprises mainly those who crossed the boundary southward in comparatively early life, intending to cast their lot permanently in their new abode. These, while retaining their natural affection for their birthplace, fix their hopes on the future of their adopted country. The smaller, but personally not less worthy and valuable class comprehends those who, from longer home associations, cannot sever in mind the ties which attach them to their native land, of which they still regard themselves as citizens. This class, and the many English-born residents of the United States holding like sentiments, have in our author a highly estimable representative. No person, indeed, of whatever country he may be, can read his book without inbibing respect for the candor and ability displayed in its pages. Its well-ordered array of facts and figures, combined with strong argumentative deductions, make it a creditable contribution to the publishers' excellent Questions of the Day series, and one well worthy of the attention of public men on both sides of our northern boundary.

The author's clear judgment is especially shown in the promptness with which he narrows down the questions of Canada's future to two. It must, in his opinion, be either independence or annexation. "Imperial Federation" he regards

as a pleasing dream, and at all events as impossible unless preceded by independence as a necessary preliminary. His arguments on the latter point will be felt by every reader to be conclusive. And when the colonies are thus independent, he can see no way to any union between them and the mother country, except one of sentiment, which he thinks will always exist and be highly advantageous to all of them. As regards annexation, he is of opinion that the disadvantages both to Canada and to the United States would be far greater than any benefits that would be likely to result. Close commercial connection, with as much freedom of trade as possible, seems to him highly desirable; but political union would be fraught with injury to both countries. His arguments, which are based on many facts and statistics, are well deserving of consideration, and must certainly moderate any desire for early political union which may be felt on either side.

Yet it must be said that if the independence which the author considers inevitable shall actually come, the political union which he deprecates will also, if history is to be our guide, be equally sure to follow. The influence of a common language in drawing independent and closely adjoining communities together under one government has been hitherto found irresistible. It is to this influence that the kingdoms of Great Britain, France, and Spain in former days, and the German Empire and Italian Kingdom in our own day, have owed their existence. As to the manner in which this union is likely to be brought about, the teachings of history, especially in the cases just referred to, afford ample indication. In the state of feeling now existing, and any that is likely to exist, between the mother country and Canada, it is safe to predict that the independence of the latter will not result from any voluntary act on either side. It can only come from such a European convulsion as may make it impossible for the mother country to defend and consequently to hold her distant dependencies. Canada, thus left helplessly exposed to the attacks of any foreign power possessing a preponderant naval and military force, would find a fraternal union with her nearest neighbor, ensuring her "peace with honor," a result as desirable as a similar refuge has lately been found by the people of Bavaria and the Roman States. In such a case Mr. Douglas would certainly admit that the balance of advantages in favor of annexation would be overwhelming.

"Lourdes"

Par Émile Zola. Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier. New York: Brentano's.

IT IS UNDENIABLE that M. Zola has given us in "Lourdes" a "human document" of great value. Whatever his faults, he is certainly conscientious and painstaking, and this study of the emotional side of religion is a monument of patient research and close observation. He has chosen the narrative form, and the novel he has woven around the little town where miracles are wrought is a model of construction. The five days of the pilgrimage, during which the heroine is cured, give ample opportunity for superb description—pictures of hopeless suffering and of religious exaltation, of masses of incurables, of the humblest, the poorest and the unhappiest of mankind turning to the Unknowable with confident expectation. Some of these descriptions are horrible—especially those of the train, with its revolting sick, and of the hospital,—but every detail, however repulsive, aids in perfecting a picture of human suffering that haunts the mind.

Zola has chosen a doubting priest as the vehicle for his observations, and this young man, tortured by his doubts, accompanies the pilgrims, and tells to them, in that wagon filled with complaints and groans, the story of the Virgin's appearance to Bernadette Soubirous, as it is told in Catholic leaflets, his thoughts accompanying the simple tale with the commentary of modern scientific investigation. For he has studied the subject for many years, and has gathered all the

light thrown upon it by modern medicine and the students of psychology. He knows that the cure of the young girl whom he accompanies was predicted by a physician, and understands the grounds whereon that prophecy is based. Zola presents, throughout the story, these two views side by side—the Catholic belief in miracles, and their explanation by unbelieving scientists. The chapter wherein the priest begins the story of the Virgin's appearances at Lourdes justifies Mr. Lang's claim that Zola is a romanticist: it is filled with mystic poetry—the song of hope that never forsakes for long the most miserable among us. He tells the story of Lourdes from the beginning: the attempts of the Imperial government to suppress the movement, the fear of the Church to commit itself, the final triumph of Bernadette and of the suffering poor who refused to give up this new hope of happiness and peace on earth. He tells, also, of the erection of the basilica over the grotto, and of the unceasing flow of gold from the four corners of the planet; he takes the reader to the place where the health-giving water is bottled without ceremony or respect, and into the temple and the market-place where traffic is made of things that are holy. And in contrast with this he shows the endless processions, going up, day after day, year after year, with the hope of obtaining by divine grace what the princes of science have been unable to give. Then, too, come the lassitude and despair when all is over and the invocations have proved in vain; but hope defeats this doubt, and the pilgrims return to their homes, singing, confident that the supreme blessing will surely come at last. Zola pronounces no opinion. As has been said, he places side by side the orthodox Catholic and the modern scientific theory. That wonderful cures have occurred is beyond doubt, and he indicates the mysteries of the nervous system that medicine begins but now to understand; he shows the sordid side of Lourdes, which sprang into life with the unceasing influx of money, and he speculates with interest as to the duration of the popularity of this place of pilgrimage, which requires constantly new miracles to continue its preëminence as a source of grace. The book contains a summary history of Lourdes, compiled from all available sources, and adds a great deal of valuable information to our knowledge of the emotional element in religion, and of its powerful effect upon the ignorant and the suffering.

Recent French Books

M. PAUL BOURGET, so we have been told recently, has ceased to be a psychologist, and has become a moralist—the distinction is his own. Now, moralists easily fall into the "genre ennuyeux," and that is what the new Immortal has done in several of his recent stories. "Steeple-Chase," his latest, is most disappointing. M. Bourget's *grand monde* is as tiresome, and nearly as vulgar, as that of M. Ohnet, and every member of it resembles all the others. The Marquis de Bonivet, who wears an emerald ring, a golden snake-ring and likewise a seal-ring presented to one of his ancestors by François I., and who takes his daily walks with a cane with a silver head, whereon was "ciselé un combat de Titans, chef-d'œuvre d'un rival de Cellini," is certainly a model of elegance, but all this luxury is a little oppressive, as were the London-laundried shirts of M. Casal and his wonderful collection of boots. Neither can M. Bourget's English types be considered as very successful, and they, too, resemble each other, and are only modified copies of the traditional French conception of *Milord*. Sir Arthur Strabane, the Englishman in this case, exhibits the same weird characteristics as his friend, Lord Herbert Bohun, who, as all readers of "Mensonges" know, alternates his drinking-bouts in Paris bars with hunting-tours in Africa, and is a "women-hater, comme on dit à Oxford"; what "on dit" at Cambridge M. Bourget does not tell us. He is threshing over old material, for there is not a new character in the story—in fact, truth to say, it is nothing but a pot-boiler. When one of Gyp's noble sportsmen says to his spouse "je m'en bats l'oeil," the expression carries conviction to the reader's heart; but when Sir Arthur Strabane begins a garden-party talk with "Non, Marquis, aucune nouvelle, sinon le mot de l'ambassadeur de Russie à Londres, chez Lady Banbury," etc., we have our doubts. (Meyer Bros. & Co.)

HOW LITTLE the French understand Anglo-Saxon character and life is demonstrated still more forcibly by M. Marcel Prévost, whose latest novel, "Les Demi-Vierges," is a violent denunciation of the immorality he claims to have found rampant among the young girls in a certain set of Parisian society. "Le Flirt," according to him, is responsible for this terrible state of affairs; the greater freedom of intercourse between young girls and men of all ages is the cause of the horrors he chronicles, and—"le flirt est 'Anglo-Saxon': l'on aura beau enguirlander le mot de toute l'innocence et de toute la poésie qu'on voudra, nous savons la vérité sur le flirt." The book is so overdrawn that it defeats its own aim, if aim there be, and it carries with it a grave doubt as to the author's competency to judge and describe the phase of social life whereof he treats. The story is so preposterous and false that a serious discussion of its claims is entirely superfluous; and the gross libel it contains on French womanhood we can well leave to the author's own countrymen to be exposed and branded as it deserves to be. There are one or two weak echoes of Maupassant in the pages of this story, which leaves a taste in the mouth that is as persistent as it is disagreeable. (Meyer Bros. & Co.)—THE LESS said about the same author's "Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes," the better. The first collection of "Lettres" was a work of art; in this new one not even the slightest trace of this artistic finish can be found. There is no delicate psychology in it, no brilliant turn of phrase or thought; only a series of commonplace sketches—just 267 pages of words, words, words. (Brentano's.)

SOMEWHAT IN THE style of Georges Ohnet, "Haine d'Amour," by Daniel Lesueur, has many good points that recommend it strongly to those who read for amusement. The plot is well constructed and well carried out; the characters are sketched with a sure and rapid hand, and the psychology—a word which we begin to fear—has been kept within the most judicious bonds. What there is of it is, moreover, of excellent quality. The story deals with the love of a rich young manufacturer for a young girl, whom he cannot marry because he is bound to another woman by those invisible, intangible chains that are beyond the pale of the law and are not locked by love, for love is dead. This woman, no longer in her first youth, is aware of her lover's straying fancy and resolved, not only to keep him, but to become his wife. The title of the book describes exactly the feeling existing between these two. How true love triumphs in the end, and what desperate steps the woman takes before her final defeat, the reader can find out in the book itself. Though not adapted for the young person, according to our views, the story is entirely unobjectionable, and will furnish a few hours' enjoyment, to which the slight touch of French detective work at the end contributes largely. Gilberte Méricourt forms a welcome contrast to the young girls who have sprung from the fanciful brain of the author of "Demi-Vierges." (Meyer Bros. & Co.)

New Books and New Editions

STILL ANOTHER edition, of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's "Wet Days at Edgewood" has made its appearance, ready, no doubt, to be slipped into valise or box and kept in reserve for just such days as those upon which the author penned these ever-fresh papers. "My Farm of Edgewood," too, makes its appearance anew, for the benefit and instruction of "abandoned farmers," suburbanites and all that love the country and the graces of Mother Earth. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—MR. FREDERICK SAUNDERS, the Librarian of the Astor Library, is at his best in the "Pastime Papers"—on names, and letters, and tailors, and cobblers and tea, and what not—which have been republished in Whittaker's Library. (Thomas Whittaker.)—"AMERICANS IN EUROPE," which attracted considerable attention on its publication a year ago, has made its appearance in paper covers. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)—A MORE INTERESTING book on Europe, or, at least, upon one of the most charming regions in it, is "In and Out of Three Normandy Inns," by Anna Bowman Dodd, which has just been published in cheap form, with the original illustrations. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)—MR. WILLIAM LARRABEE'S "Railroad Question" was reviewed in *The Critic* at the time of its first appearance, in 1893. The third edition of the work, now published, contains nothing new that could call for additional comment. (Chicago: Schulte Pub. Co.)—THIS IS THE SEASON when the country bride visiteth with her youthful husband the modern Babylon, and rejoiceth greatly thereat. She meets on her peregrinations from the Brooklyn Bridge to the Museum of Art, from Coney Island to the dry-goods district and the splendors of the shops on Broadway, the principal of the grammar-school at

home, perhaps her clergyman—always some acquaintance, bent, like herself, upon sight-seeing, and guided, equally with herself, by "Appleton's Dictionary of New York and its Vicinity," than which no better *cicerone* can be found. The latest edition (1894) of this handy book of reference and advice shows anew that the publishers spare neither expense nor pains to keep it up to date. It is of value to all who visit Gotham, have visited it, or hope to see it before they die. (D. Appleton & Co.)

OF FOUR NEW NUMBERS in Heath's Modern Language Series, two are in German, and two in French. "Der Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen" is one of the series of historical romances, written by Gustav Freitag under the general title of "Die Ahnen." The present story deals with the horrors of the Thirty Years' War and the supremacy of French influence in Germany. The volume has been edited and annotated by Prof. James Taft Hatfield. SCHILLER'S "Maria Stuart" fittingly finds a place in the series. It is one of the classics of German letters, and specially well adapted for class-work. Dr. Lewis A. Rhoades of Cornell has edited the drama, and added an introduction and numerous notes. SELECTIONS from Prosper Mérimée's "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX.," edited by P. Desages, and George Sand's "La Petite Fadette," abbreviated, edited and annotated by F. Aston-Binns, are both excellent for school use, the interest of the stories arousing the pupils' attention and facilitating the teacher's work. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—SIX OF HANS ANDERSEN'S "Danish Fairy Tales" have been arranged for very young readers and added to Maynard's English Classic Series. (Maynard, Merrill & Co.)—A NEW EDITION of Irving's "Sketch Book" contains the advertisements to the first American and English editions, and numerous notes for teacher and scholar by Elmer E. Wentworth. A. M. (Allyn & Bacon.)

THE QUIANT, INTERESTING AND CHARMINGLY naïve "Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard," kept by her in London during the years 1794-7, and edited by the Rev. S. Bayard Dod, deserves a good reception. Her husband, Samuel Bayard, was appointed by Washington as agent of the United States in London, to prosecute in the Admiralty Courts the claims of American citizens for losses sustained from illegal captures of their ships by English cruisers, as provided for in the Jay treaty. Mrs. Bayard's observations on English life and manners, and the glimpses they give of the American life of the period, make the Journal highly interesting, while the simple purity and true faith visible on every page give to it the unexpected freshness of a country breeze sighing gently over the sun-scorched asphalt pavements of a nineteenth-century town. The volume contains two portraits. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—MR. WALTER JERROLD has made a collection of "Bon-Mots of Samuel Foote and Theodore Hook," which has been illustrated "with grotesques" by Aubrey Beardsley (who, by the way, has never been known to draw anything else), and published in the same dainty form as its predecessor, "Bon-Mots of Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold." The sparkle and point of repartee and sally are mostly lost when put in black and white, and that is why the reputation of wits always appears to us greater than the printed reports of their witticisms would seem to warrant. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Kipling on the Chicago Strike

THAT MR. KIPLING is a reader of Emerson, was made evident by the motto ("When half-gods go, the gods arrive," etc.) prefixed to "The Children of the Zodiac." It is evidenced again in "How it Strikes a Contemporary"—the poem on the recent railroad strikes printed both in type and facsimile in *The St. James's Budget* of July 27. In these vigorous quatrains "the American Spirit speaks":—

"If the Led striker calls it a strike,
Or the papers call it a war,
They know not much what I am like,
Nor what he is, my Avatar.
Through many roads by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
And he the Text himself applies.
The Celt is in his heart and hand,
The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,
He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

* * *

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays;
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crust of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,
He dubs his dreary brethren Kings.
His hands are black with blood: his heart
Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,
Mine ancient humor saves him whole—
The doubting devil in his blood
That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

That bids him flout the Law he makes,
That bids him make the Law he flouts,
Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes
The drumming guns that—have no doubts.

* * *

How shall he clear himself, how reach
Your bar, or weighed defence prefer?
A brother hedged with alien speech
And lacking all interpreter.

Which knowledge vexes him a space;
But while Reproof around him rings,
He turns his keen untroubled face
Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or toss with Destiny for beers.

Lo! Imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And, in the teeth of all the schools
I—I shall save him at the last!"

"My Sea, My Sea"

THE LATE Hon. Roden Noel died while this poem from his pen was being printed in the August *Pall Mall Magazine*:—

"O my sea, my sea!	I do not seek my holiday
From east to west thou callest	Inland. I know not what to
me,	say,
From east to west I follow	Why I travel not inland
thee;	Indeed I hardly understand;
I of the homeless heart go	But, O my sea, my sea,
home	Mystic voices summon me,
To hear thy lullaby of foam,	And, like a weeping child, I
Thou homeless sea,	come,
Whose dear voice hath no	O shewn elusive, fluctuant foam,
promise broken;	Where you sing your lullaby,
Of disappointing change no	There to live, or there to die.
token	Ah! the fault is all in me,
Thy sweet monotony of sound	Who seek what here may
Involvet, and thou callest me;	never be,
There's little human left so	Who adore ethereal dreams,
true	That lend our earth few fleet-
As thy deep billowy breast of	ing gleams;
blue	And yet I know one glimpse of
To lay the weary head upon,	love
Whose earthly day is nearly	Is more than mines or treasure
done,	trove;
Thy crystal doors would let me	But he hath swift wings like a
through	dove.
To the infinite beyond	Light-nets on clear-water sand
From this our life's too galling	Are less than Love's entangling
bond.	band,
Whether on the pebbly beach,	Silent, unaware, they come,
Or on sand, thy tender speech	Silent, unaware, pass home;
Makes living music, or on rock	But when Love flieth, when he
The jubilant clear surges	fadeth,
shock,	Pain grows for something that
I hear thy voice.	degradeth;
And I rejoice,	Thy shores are flecked with
Who was so very full of pain,	crimson weed,
I deemed I could not smile	But Love's with drops from
again.	hearts that b'ed:
They ask why, since I set my	So for me, for me
dwelling,	My flipping, leaping, laughing
By thy billowy bosom swell-	sea—
ing,	My sea, my sea!"

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Bacon, Spenser, and the Owen "Cypher."—Dr. Owen's "Cypher" has attracted more attention than it deserves. This is largely due to the fact that he does not reveal his method, as Donnelly foolishly did, and therefore it is not so easy to show up its absurdity as a cipher. That the story he professes to have deduced by means of the cipher from the works of Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Burton, Spenser and the Shakespeare plays, is absurd can, however, be shown in more ways than one—for instance, from the including of Spenser among the "masks" of Bacon and making his works a part of the "cipher" system. Bacon was born January 22, 1561, and, after some years at Cambridge and in France, he was a student at Gray's Inn in 1579. Spenser was born in 1552, and published the "Shepheards Calendar" in 1579. The "Faërie Queene" was begun before 1580, and portions of it had been submitted to Gabriel Harvey for criticism. In a letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser wrote to Harvey, asking him to return the manuscript with his "long expected judgment" on it. There is no question as to the authenticity of the correspondence between Spenser and Harvey on this subject. If, then, Bacon wrote the "Faërie Queene," as Dr. Owen assures us, he must, at the age of eighteen, have somehow induced the man of twenty-seven to pretend to be the author of the poem and to send it to Harvey. There can be little doubt that it was shown also to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom Harvey had introduced Spenser as early as 1579, and Sidney had introduced him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester; for one of Spenser's letters to Harvey is dated "Leicester House, this 15 October, 1579." The "Shepheards Calendar," moreover, was dedicated to Sidney, and was ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend, Edward Kirke (the "E. K." of the introductory matter and the "glosse" appended to each eclogue), who must also have been one of Bacon's tools. Verily, Francis was a most precocious youth, both in authorship and in intrigue!

What is more remarkable, he must, at this early age, have fully elaborated his scheme for weaving the story of his life, in cipher-form, into his works; for frequent quotations from Spenser are scattered through the portions of the cipher narrative already published by Dr. Owen. Some of these are found in close connection with lines from "The Winter's Tale," "Lear," "Othello" and other plays, apparently not written, and certainly not published, until more than twenty years afterwards.

The young man must also have had a prophetic knowledge of events that were to occur many years later. In the description of the storm that destroyed the Spanish Armada in 1588 we find extracts from the "Faërie Queene" mingled with those from Peele, Greene, Marlowe and Shakespeare. All these, according to Dr. Owen, are so grouped around certain key-words that they fall naturally into their place in the concealed story, now that he has found the secret of the "combination."

It may be said that, as the first three books of the "Faërie Queene" were not published until 1589, the portions containing the allusions to events in 1588 were rewritten at that time; but this is inconceivable when we examine the passages. Many of the bits from Spenser's poem are insignificant or superfluous, and no writer would take the trouble to work them into a composition already finished. That he should introduce them even in a first draft of his cypher narrative is sufficiently improbable. It would be easy to illustrate this by quotations, if my limits permitted.

Mr. Laurence Hutton on the Owen "Cypher."—"A Gammon of Bacon" is the title of an article by Mr. Hutton in *Kate Field's Washington*, in which he cites some of the "long-forgotten scandals concerning the Virgin Queen which at one time attracted no little attention in England," and which are now recalled to mind by

Dr. Owen's assertion that Bacon was a son of Elizabeth. Among these he gives the following from "Burton's Parliamentary Diary," vol. iv., p. 135:—

"Osborne—see his works (1673), page 442—says, 'Queen Elizabeth had a son bred in the State of Venice, and a daughter I know not where, with other strange tales that went on her I neglect to insert, as fitter for a romance than to mingle with so much truth and integrity as I profess.' In a copy of this work, according to *Notes and Queries* January 4, 1851, is a manuscript note, undated and unsigned, but to this effect:—"I have heard it confidently asserted that Queen Elizabeth was with child by the Earl of Essex, and that she was delivered of a child at Kenilworth Castle, which died soon after its birth, was interred at Kenilworth, and had a stone put over it, inscribed *Silentium*."

There was, also, a curious mention of a son of Elizabeth by Robert Dudley in a manuscript at the Free School of Shrewsbury, where the boy is said to have been brought up secretly, but what became of him is not known. If there is any truth in the story William Shakespeare might have been this mysterious juvenile! It is to be noted, however, that neither Bacon nor Shakespeare was supposed by the people of the time to be the offspring of Elizabeth. Mr. Hutton adds:—

"A chivalrous writer in *Fraser's Magazine* many years ago traced these stories against Elizabeth to their original sources, and proved, in what seems to him to have been a conclusive way,



THE BANK FOR SAVINGS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

that they rested upon the authority of a countess, who, at least on one occasion, made a public confession of lying; of an ambassador whose secretary ran away from him that he might not be forced to lie; of a groom who was pilloried for lying; of another groom whose words were so shocking that the magistrates were ashamed to write them down; of a Scotch courtier who was, on the whole, rather proud of his success in lying; and of two murderers! And Mr. Froude sums up the matter by saying:—"Surrounded as she [Elizabeth] was by a thousand malignant eyes, she could not have escaped detection had she really committed herself; and that the evidence against her has to be looked for in the polemical pamphlets of theologians would alone prove that the suspicion was without ground."

The Duke's Theatre Bust of Shakespeare.—The Shakespeare Memorial Association, at Stratford-on-Avon, has obtained that terra-cotta bust of Shakespeare which was over the entrance to the Old Duke's Theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields—a building erected by the poet's godson, Sir William Davenant. It is said to resemble the Darmstadt death-mask. It is said to resemble the Darmstadt death-mask. A bust of Ben Jonson accompanied it.

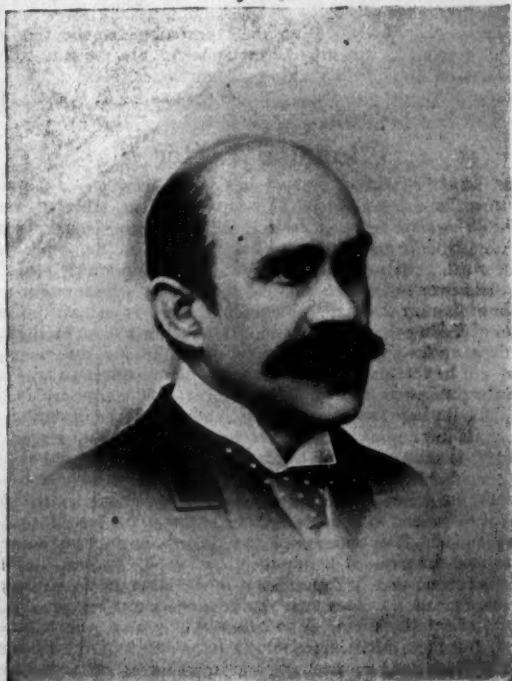
The Bank for Savings

THE WHITE MARBLE BUILDING of the Bank for Savings, on the southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and 22nd Street, is virtually completed, and already adds very much to the fine appearance of the neighborhood. It is in Renaissance style; exteriorly in two stories, the lower rectangular in plan, the upper with reëntering angles forming a cross. The large bays thus

produced on the two sides exposed to view have each a group of three round-arched windows on the front, and single windows on the sides. Most of the openings in the lower story are square. Two largely ornamented string courses and a cornice with sculptured caps to the windows give the whole building a very ornate look. The interior is richly cased with costly colored marbles. The plan for this new home of the old Bleecker Street Savings Bank, which faces so worthily the Church Missions House and the United Charities and Kennedy buildings, were drawn by Mr. Cyrus L. Eidlitz. The picture presented herewith is from the *Tribune*.

Walter Pater

WALTER HORATIO PATER, who died at Oxford on July 30, was born in London on Aug. 4, 1839, and educated at King's School, Canterbury, and at Queen's College, Oxford, where he took a classical second-class in 1862. He was elected a Fellow of Brasenose, but spent much time in Continental travel. The purity of his style, his delicate sense for the value and timeliness of words, have often been praised to the detriment of the thoughts he clothed thus exquisitely; and too much stress has been laid, perhaps, on the inevitable belief that in his attitude toward life and its



problems he resembled too closely his own "Marius the Epicurean." He wrote but little, but with these rare contributions to literature he built for himself a reputation among the few whose esteem and admiration are most worth having. His style is beautiful, no doubt, but it is beautiful as a thing in itself, rather than as a vehicle of thought. It is musical, sensuous, but one often has to overcome its rhythm, to forget its charm, in order to understand the thoughts it conveys. A few weeks before his death *The Pall Mall Budget* published a study of his work, from which the following paragraphs are taken:—

"Readers of Mr. Pater—and it is to be hoped that there is no citizen of this Bibliopolis who may not so be described—will remember the beautiful tenderness with which, in 'Marius the Epicurean' he expresses the home-sentiment of his young philosopher for the country-house in which he passed his boyhood, 'White-Nights,' with its quiet, pure, and dignifying influences. In a pretty, grey-paper-back opusculum, recently issued from the private press of Mr. Daniel, at Oxford, to the two hundred and fifty who, the number might be held to imply, alone care for such deli-

cate things, Mr. Pater gives us a parallel expression of the same fascinating theme. I write without a copy of 'Marius' at hand, a circumstance which has rarely happened, and so I must run the risk of my precarious memory in supposing, that the date '1878,' attached to this 'Imaginary Portrait' of 'The Child in the House,' is something like the date of the composition of 'Marius,' and that this lovely retrospect was written in the same mood, and probably

12 Earl's Terrace,
July 5th.

Dear Mr Waugh,
I ought to have answered
your letter before. I never
quite like photographs of
myself, but send you the
latest taken of me. I have
London in a day or two, but
should you be staying at
Oxford at any time, it
would give me great
pleasure to see you. With
kind regards, Very truly yours
Walter Pater.

about the same time, as the chapter on 'White-Nights.' I have, too, a sort of idea that it has already appeared in one of the magazines, but I am probably mistaken, and at any rate, I make its first acquaintance in its latest form. It is one of the loveliest things Mr. Pater has written, full of his own incommunicable dignity and sweetness, and that savor of incense and cadence of solemn, sacred music which give a feeling of the sanctuary to all he writes. Mr. Pater, like everyone else, has his detractors, those unsuccessful in art, who always belittle and even patronise the successful. Of course, again, like everyone else, he has the defects of his qualities. His sweetness sometimes grows over sweet, his dignity becomes a little too ceremonial. In such a passage as one I propose to quote, admirers of Mr. Pater will find, at their rarest charm, the qualities for which they have learnt eagerly to look in everything he writes:—

"So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the birdcage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them, like rain; while time seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax of our ingenuous souls. *** The realities and passions, the rumors of the world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passage-way, through the wall of custom about us; and never afterwards quite detach

themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. * * * The early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and, irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents—the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow—become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound.

"This is but one of the many purple patches to be found in the small area of these sixty little, leaded pages. In the case of so intimate a writer, it can be no impertinence to see in these reminiscences of 'Florian Deleal' a charming contribution towards the autobiography of Mr. Walter Pater."

His works are: "The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry" (1873); "Marius the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas" (1885); "Imaginary Portraits" (1887); "Appreciations with an Essay on Style" (1889); and "Plato and Platonism" (1893).

Boston Letter

THE HALF-HUNDRED PILGRIMS who came to Boston to carry out the first historical tour of the University Extension Summer School are delighted with the result of their visit, if one may judge by the expressions coming from their lips. In the first place, they received a quaint and cordial welcome the moment they reached Boston. The Old South Meeting House became the scene of a counterfeit ancient town-meeting, over which Edwin D. Mead, editor of *The New England Magazine*, presided as moderator. There were many serious words spoken by him and the other speakers, but there were also keen flashes of humor. Mr. Mead generously allowed that every one would concede Philadelphia to be the second city in historical interest in the country, and that she was the home of one distinguished man, Benjamin Franklin "of Boston." Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, speaking of the importance of Boston in American history, recalled the good time when it was not impossible to meet in a single day on our streets Emerson, Agassiz, Longfellow, Holmes, Parker and Garrison. He, too, shot his arrows of wit—aroused, perhaps, by Mr. Mead's introduction of him as a man who had been reported by some western paper to be eighty years old and an expert rider on the bicycle. But when the Cambridge author alluded, in fun, to his friend Dr. Edward Everett Hale as the only man present who could remember Boston as she was in the dark ages, the sturdy clergyman responded by referring to a certain event which had happened, so he said, "in my babyhood and in the youth of Col. Higginson." Dr. Hale gave a new turn to what he aptly designated as the old-time fling at our crooked streets and general mixed-up topography, when he instructed the Pilgrims that "the rule by which to discover any place in Boston is to learn the general direction in which it lies; then board a street-car going the other way." Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of *The Youth's Companion*, read what he aptly designates as a poetic tribute to the Army of Pestalozzi, written by himself. The Lieutenant-Governor gave the welcome of the State. Then the Pilgrims started on their tour.

Through the Boston churchyards they went, then crossed over to Bunker Hill, only a few of them, however, venturing to climb to the top of the monument; they travelled through historic Cambridge, not forgetting the beautiful yard of Harvard College and the homes of Longfellow and Lowell, stood for a time under the big tree where Washington took command of the American army, and thence followed the route of the retreating British to Lexington and Concord. At the various places, historians steeped in local lore described their historic interest, while the educational enjoyment was supplemented by pleasant social receptions like that tendered by Mrs. D. Lothrop at Wayside. Across to Salem journeyed the Pilgrims, there appropriately to receive a welcome from the direct descendant of old Gen. Endicott, the Hon. William C. Endicott, and there to see not only the "Gallows Hill" and other reminders of witchcraft days, but also the early associations of Hawthorne, and the rare collections of the Essex Institute and the Peabody Academy of Sciences. Finally the party, crossing through Boston again, stood on Plymouth Rock, and Massachusetts had been "done," as the tourists say. It was then, away to other States.

A decision of interest to publishing-houses has just been rendered by Judge Colt in the United States Circuit Court in this city. It was a test case involving an important question under the International Copyright Act, and so not only affects the Oliver Ditson Co., the defendants, but also defines what other United States publishing firms can, or rather cannot, do. The plaintiffs, Alfred

H. Littleton *et al.*, British subjects and publishers of music, asked for an injunction to restrain the Boston firm from printing certain songs, on the ground that such publication was an infringement of the International Copyright Act. The defendants maintained, however, that, as two of these musical compositions were printed from electrotypes plates, and one from stone by the lithograph process, they came under the classification made in the proviso which declares that in the case of "a book, photograph, chromo or lithograph, the two copies required to be deposited with the Librarian of Congress shall be manufactured in this country." Judge Colt decided that the plaintiffs had complied with all the necessary provisions of the International Copyright Act in what they had already done, and that, therefore, the injunction should be granted.

I am told that funds are coming in all too slowly for the erection of the granite monolith to the memory of Alfred Tennyson. This memorial is to be erected on the highest crest of the down overlooking the western end of the Isle of Wight, where Tennyson daily walked, and is to form a Tennyson beacon cross, conspicuous by land and by sea. It was hoped that the very modest sum of \$1000 would be sent from America by admirers of the poet, but as yet only one half that amount has been subscribed. The movement is endorsed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Sarah Orne Jewett, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Robert C. Winthrop, Celia Thaxter, Margaret Deland, Louise Imogen Guiney, William J. Rolfe, Prof. Charles E. Norton and other prominent literary people, and especially owes much to Mrs. James T. Fields. With the expectation that the fund may now be completed, it is urged that subscriptions be sent to Miss Fay Davis, at Mrs. Field's address, Manchester, Mass.

BOSTON, August 7, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

THE SEASON IS at an end at last, and everyone is hurrying from town for the holidays. Sub-editors fill the editorial chairs, and publishers are represented by their managers. And a deadly dull, unsatisfactory season it has been, as far as the book-world is concerned. Sales continue slow: many important books are being held over to the autumn, and the coming season ought to be prolific of literary material. Meanwhile there is at least the satisfaction of feeling that things cannot be much worse than they are at present. Any change must surely make for improvement. There will be the question of the three-volume novel to be faced, when the publishers return in September. The Society of Authors has, during the present week, advanced the question one stage in its development. A meeting has been held, largely attended (it is said), which has pronounced against the old system. It has decided that the general interest would be served by the abolition of the three-volume edition altogether; and so the publisher, if he means to fight the matter out, will be forced to fight single-handed. The decision of the Society is a great surprise. Presumably the authors know their own business best, but it is perfectly certain that, if the literary novel is set aside entirely, a large number of novelists will find their occupation gone. Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman" is to be out this week in one volume, it is true; but then, Mr. Caine is not a fair sample of the maker of fiction. He is read voraciously, and in whatever shape it comes, booksellers are bound to buy his work. The smaller fry, however, will feel the difference. Perhaps the one satisfactory outcome of the change will be that the bookseller, who has suffered grievously these last eighteen months, is pretty safe to be benefited. Publishers and authors alike will rejoice at that.

The soundest books take longest to reach the public ear, and it is only now that people are beginning to take any great interest in Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," the many excellences of which were noticed by the critics several months ago. Now the work is in lively demand at the libraries. And, by the way, a pretty anecdote is being told of the genesis of the book. It is said that Mr. Kidd, who is a clerk at Somerset House, was some years ago entrusted by his fellow-clerks with the presentation to the authorities of a petition, begging for certain improvements in their department. Mr. Kidd, who is gifted with a peculiarly insistent fashion of pressing a point, gained the desired concession, and his companions, in gratitude, presented him with a purse of sovereigns and a collection of philosophical literature. It is said that it was the perusal of these books that first started the idea of his "Social Evolution," on which he was engaged a long while. There is a further report to the effect that the junior branches of Somerset House are very anxious to see some official promotion bestowed on Mr. Kidd as a recognition of his distinguished liter-

ary performance. This wish will certainly be echoed by all who have the welfare of letters at heart.

Some months ago, in commenting on the progress of the woman-novel, I ventured to hint that readers were likely to hear more of Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, whose first story, "Joanna Traill, Spinster," was then just going on the press. That story has, I believe, been before the American public for some time in the edition published by Charles L. Webster & Co.; it is now attracting a good deal of attention in London, where Mr. Heinemann has issued it as the first of a new Pioneer Series, in a showy parchment cover, adorned by sundry Japanese ladies, bearing banners and trumpets. The book is being welcomed here as an unusually sane and virile variety of the woman-novel, and Miss Holdsworth has at once taken her place in the ranks of the successful. But if her book is virile, her personality has none of the rather alarming characteristics of the New Woman. She is small and dainty, with an earnest, sincere expression, and is essentially a worker rather than a preacher. Every day she is to be found at her office in the very heart of the journalistic region, for she edits *The Woman's Signal*, whose rooms are high up in the huge Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, close to Fleet Street, and over against the noisy portions of what Mr. George Meredith would call "a conduit of the markets." The curious will doubtless find an additional attraction in "Joanna Traill," from the report that Mr. Boas, the philanthropist, is sketched from the life in the person of Mr. Stead, with whom Miss Holdsworth is associated as a contributor to *The Review of Reviews*. Be this as it may, it is somewhat amusing to learn that Mr. Stead himself, while full of approval for the book as a whole, has expressed his opinion that Mr. Boas is not so well-drawn a character as most in the story. Is this another case of Burns's couplet, or is the whole identification an ingenious error?

London has been receiving a welcome visit this week from Frau von Teuffel, better known to English and American readers under her maiden name of Blanche Willis Howard. The visitor is making the acquaintance of many of her brothers and sisters in authorship. She arrives just in time to superintend the production of an English edition of her delightful story, "A Battle and a Boy," which is to be published in the autumn, in illustrated form. A genuine artist, she brings with her a flood of fresh and wholesome ideas, and an unbiased view of modern literary movements, which are peculiarly fascinating. A conversation with her is an intellectual treat.

The present week has seen the decrease of a little institution to which I alluded in these pages some fifteen months ago. The Society of British Dramatic Art was started with the idea of giving a helping hand to the Great Unacted by performing meritorious plays, and so introducing their authors to the notice of managers. The idea was a good one, but the capital subscribed has, it seems, proved insufficient, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as President, decided that it would be best to relinquish the scheme altogether. A few performances were given, but the results were not very encouraging, and in the meanwhile the expenses of keeping up an office and a staff were running away with the remainder of the capital. We have, therefore, to sing a requiem over a praiseworthy effort. Most of the theatres are closing. Mr. Irving is enjoying a well-earned rest, and Mr. Hare and Mr. Tree are following his example. It seems that it is quite true that Mr. Irving contemplates appearing as Napoleon in "Madame Sans-Gêne," but before that we are to have the long-promised "King Arthur" at the Lyceum. Mrs. John Wood goes to Drury Lane in the autumn, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell joins Mr. Tree. There will be a good deal of change when the theatres re-open.

Some attention is being attracted by an anonymous novel, just issued by Ward, Lock & Co., entitled "A Sunless Heart," which has elicited the sympathies and eulogy of Mr. Coulson Kernahan. The story appears to be somewhat feverish and hysterical, but is a very promising production for a first book. It is said that the author is a protégée of Mr. Stead, and that her name is Miss Johnson. It is needless to say that one of the most important publications of the autumn will be Mr. Gladstone's Translations of the Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace, of which he is now receiving the proof-sheets. Mr. Gladstone always made it a rule to publish as little as possible while he was in office, and so, no doubt, he has delayed till now the issue of a work upon which he has been long engaged. The translation is to be published in September, and will be anxiously awaited by all who are interested in classical scholarship. A book which will be equally welcomed in London and New York will be published by T. Fisher Unwin in the autumn. I allude to the collected stories of John Oliver

Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), which are to appear in a single volume, at six shillings. All the familiar writings, from "The Sinners' Comedy" to "A Bundle of Life," will be included, and the whole is to be accompanied by a series of illustrations by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, whose art is at any rate sufficiently novel to lend piquancy to the publication. The book should have an enormous sale on both sides of the Atlantic.

LONDON, July 28, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

A Word from Tennessee

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

With indefinite centuries stretching safely between the object of our criticism and ourselves, we feel that we may with impunity refer flippantly to the fact of occasional nodding on the part of the good Homer; but I doubt if Agamemnon himself would have hazarded a jocose remark thereon in the presence of the poet. So it is with what I trust is a proper degree of fear and trembling that I venture, *coram judice*, to impugn the orthographic infallibility of *The Critic*, and to call it to account for the use of such a verbal monstrosity as "Tennessean." It is true that "The Century Dictionary" so spells the word—but why? I know of but two exact analogues—to wit, "Galilean" and "Caribbean," given thus by all the dictionaries, "The Century" included. These derivatives are formed by dropping the final *e* from the root-words before adding the suffix: is there either reason or necessity for retaining the double *e* when we wish to derive the adjectival form of "Tennessee"? The civilized world by common consent allows every man the privilege of spelling his own name to suit himself; and a gentleman may be "Thompson with a *þ*" or without, as his individual caprice may dictate. How much more, then, should we who are "native here and to the manner born" be permitted to call ourselves (and have others call us) "Tennesseans," when we have reason and analogy to justify us. Certain of our fellow-citizens in this latitude deem it a monstrous indignity to be "called out of their names": we beg *The Critic* not so hardly to entreat us.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

R. L. C. WHITE.

A New Edition of "Ships"

OUR READERS will be interested in seeing the preface which Miss Harraden has written for the authorized American edition of "Ships that Pass in the Night"—a new edition of the book bearing the Putnam imprint.

"The words 'Ships that pass in the night,' etc., are to be found in Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' Third Evening, Theologian's Second Tale (Elisabeth), Fourth Part. At the time when the book was written, I myself did not know where to discover these lines; and several of my friends searched in vain for them. Numerous letters of inquiry were sent to me by all sorts and conditions of people, and I have to confess it was somewhat mortifying to have to plead ignorance. At last, one friend, more heroic than the others, found the harbor where these ships were hiding; and it was my wish that the new editions of the book, which were following each other with surprising quickness, should contain the welcome intelligence. But my English publishers felt differently; and I could, therefore, only put the reference into the papers, and patiently continue to answer letters from perplexed seekers.

"It was suggested to me some weeks ago when I was in England, that I should write a few words of preface to the authorized American edition. I felt at first that I had really nothing to say, and I therefore hesitated. But now, being in America, in the midst of my friends, who are mostly strangers to me but my friends for all that, there is some fear of the preface becoming longer than the book itself if I once begin to record the many kind words of welcome and the many gratifying expressions of appreciation and sympathy which have fallen to my share.

"So I will only linger now to say how grateful I am, and how much I hope that I myself may not prove to be merely a 'ship that has passed in the night.'

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK, May 14, 1894."

"THE LIST of poets that, by virtue of birth or long residence, may be claimed by Chicago is not a lengthy one," says *The Dial*, "but it at least claims respectful consideration. It includes the names of B. F. Taylor and H. N. Powers, of Mr. Block, Mr. Horton, Mr. Field and Mr. McGaffey, of Miss Harriet Monroe, Miss Amanda Jones and Miss Blanche Fearing. To this list the name of Mr. Harry B. Smith must now be added."

The Lounger

THE PUBLICATION OF MR. DU MAURIER'S "Trilby" in book-form by the Messrs. Harper has been delayed owing to the belligerent attitude of Mr. James McNeil Whistler. Readers of *The Critic* are already acquainted with the extraordinary but amusing letter that Mr. Whistler wrote on the subject, in which he accuses his friend Du Maurier of impaling him on the point of his pen as Joe Sibley. Mr. Whistler has threatened a law-suit against the publishers if they print the objectionable paragraph, or the portraits of Sibley, to which also he objects. So the paragraphs and portraits will not be found in the bound volume. Of course, Mr. Whistler knows better than I do how much of Whistler Mr. Du Maurier has put into the character of Sibley, and he probably thinks, and has been able to make the publishers think so, too, that he has ground for action if they do not omit the objectionable matter. Mr. Whistler is a past-master in "the gentle art of making enemies," and a little thing like a law-suit would not disturb him in the least. It would not surprise me if he should feel really disappointed that the matter is to end peaceably and without bloodshed.

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE have asked why John Oliver Hobbes, who writes such clever novelettes, does not give the world a longer story—something more in the three-volume-novel style. To which she is reported to reply that she knows what she is about, and that the novelette is her chosen form for fiction. It seems, however, that she has changed her mind, and I understand that she has finished a novel of the regulation size, which will be published in London by Mr. Unwin, and, probably, by the Messrs. Appleton in New York. Whether it will actually be in three volumes or not, I do not know; certainly not in this country, and probably not in England, for there is a revolt there against that form of publication which is likely to end in its annihilation ere long. But it is hard to kill anything in England that has been so long established as the three-volume novel. We would not have it in this country for two reasons—one, because it is too cumbersome; the other, because we would not pay the price. The average American likes to buy his fiction as he swallows his lunch—at a counter,—and he wants it in portable shape, so that he can slip it into his coat-pocket, or carry it easily under his arm. The three-volume novel prohibits this, and is altogether repugnant to American ideas. It would not succeed in England, but for the circulating-library system, and, strange to say, it is the circulating-libraries that have joined against it.

SPEAKING OF LIBRARIES, man is an ungrateful animal, as one who writes a complaint to the *Herald* proves. There are some people, who, if you gave them a million dollars, would hate you because you had not made it two millions, and the man who writes his experience of the free circulating-library in last Sunday's *Herald* is, I should think, one of these. He complains because the book he wanted was out, and because the book recommended by the

librarian did not interest him; on reaching home he threw it aside and forgot it until a postal card warned him of a fine of one cent for every day over two weeks for which he had kept it. He returned it and paid the library eight cents, and took another book that he did not want "and forgot it until eleven cents were due." He kept up, he complains, "the business of figure-lists, waiting, books I did not call for, and fines afterwards, through a year, until I might far better have bought straight out the books I wanted, but never got." Finally, with one of the library's books in his possession, he left town, and apparently, as in the other case, forgot all about it, and on his return to town he found that his "reference" had been called upon to pay for the book, which he was not unnaturally supposed to have stolen from the library. In a fit of virtuous indignation he says "I now pay for my books." A most wise conclusion for him to arrive at. It seems to me that a

man who takes from a library books that he does not want to read, and then forgets that he has them in his possession and leaves them around until he has incurred liability for small fines, and who goes off with them into the country and makes no sign, had better give up getting books from a library and buy what he wants to read. Perhaps when he buys a book he will know what he wants; and, at all events, if he then forgets that he has it, or leaves it in the country, it will be nobody's business but his own.



MISS WHITNEY'S BUST OF KEATS

IN A CHARMING ARTICLE by Mrs. Annie T. Fields (the widow of James T. Fields), entitled "A Shelf of Old Books," in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1888, there was a fine reproduction of Miss Whitney's bust of Keats, which was unveiled at the parish church, Hampstead, London, last month (July 16). By the courtesy of the Messrs. Scribner we are permitted to reproduce the engraving in this week's *Critic*. I am surprised that the *Chronicle*, a journal that prints more literary news than any other London daily, should twice allude to the "ode" written by Theodore Watts for the Keats unveiling. The thing was a sonnet, a whole sonnet,

and nothing but a sonnet, and one that did not occupy "a page and a half *Harper* size," at that.

THERE IS A PLEASANT RUMOR in the air that Miss Sibyl Sanderson, the American prima-donna who has made a flattering reputation for herself abroad, has signed an engagement with Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau for four months of next winter in the United States. "Nanon" is Miss Sanderson's great part, and those who have heard her say that those who have not heard her have never heard "Nanon."

APROPOS OF OPERA, Mr. Reginald de Koven and Mr. Harry B. Smith have taken Scott's "Rob Roy" as the subject of their new opera. Both composer and librettist have found a congenial subject in this romantic story. It gives Mr. Smith every opportunity for the literary part of the work, and Mr. de Koven the same for the musical part. Even the scene-painter and costumer will have opportunities. There will be three scenes, one repre-

sending the town of Perth, the other, Stirling Castle, and the third, Rob Roy's Highland home near Loch Lomond. The opera will be Scotch enough to please Queen Victoria, and those who have heard some of the music from it say that Mr. de Koven has got the spirit of the Scotch ballad to perfection. If "Rob Roy" is as good an opera as "Robin Hood," by the same author and composer, that is all the theatre-going public need ask.

* * *

ANOTHER INTERESTING BIT of musical news is that Dvórák is to return to New York as the Director of the National Conservatory of Music, and also that Anton Seidl is to have charge of the operatic department of the Conservatory. Mrs. Thurber is to be congratulated upon the staff of the Conservatory, and those young men and young women who aspire to musical distinction are also to be congratulated upon the opportunities that it offers them. Not only are the tuition fees very low, but in some instances they are wiped out altogether. When a pupil goes in for a musical profession, and shows ability, his training is given to him without any cost at all, with the understanding that, when he makes his fame, he will pay back something to the institution. This takes away any feeling of charity in connection with it, and does not tend to pauperize. The Conservatory is supported by voluntary contributions, and is, I believe, very much in need of funds at present. We do so little for the arts in this country that it would be a great pity if the National Conservatory were allowed to languish for want of means. I do not think that it will, for Mrs. Thurber is too devoted to its interests to allow that; but it is not fair that all the burden should come upon the shoulders of one or two people. It is not much that the Conservatory asks for, and there is a great deal of money in America.

* * *

A YEAR AGO S. R. Crockett wrote a novel called "The Lilac Sun-bonnet," the manuscript of which was accepted by Messrs. Appleton, who expected to publish it at that time. But Mr. Crockett had reasons for having it held back, and so it will not be published until late in the present summer, or early in the autumn. I am told that it is in a new vein for him—that it is pastoral rather than warlike,—that we smell the flowers and hear the lowing of kine throughout its pages, rather than scent gunpowder and listen to the clashing of arms.

* * *

THE LONDON *Chronicle* predicts that Mr. de Kay (whose nomination by President Cleveland to the Consul-Generalship at Berlin was last week confirmed by the Senate) "will find himself a strange bird in the official flock which America now maintains in the old world." "It is pleasant," says the writer, after alluding to Mr. Piatt's removal from the Dublin Consulship, "to recall the old days when the Republic" sent Hawthorne to Liverpool and Howells to Venice. The *Chronicle's* list is hardly exhaustive. It omits Bancroft, Minister to England and afterwards to Germany; Motley, Minister to Austria and afterwards to England; Washington Irving, Minister to Spain; Bayard Taylor, Minister to Germany; John Bigelow, Minister to France; James Russell Lowell, Minister to Spain and afterwards to England; S. G. W. Benjamin, Minister to Persia; F. H. Underwood, Consul at Leith; Bret Harte, Consul at Crefeld; Albert Rhodes, Consul at Rouen; and E. S. Nadal, Assistant Secretary of Legislation at London. Authors, also, are Gen. Wallace and Oscar S. Straus, and an author was the late S. S. Cox, each of whom held the Ministry to Turkey; while Allibone gives the titles of various books written by Judge J. B. Stallo, late Minister to Italy; and if his predecessor, Mr. Astor, is not an author, what is he?

Bookworm Verses: a Light Luncheon

[*Harper's Monthly*]

I HAD A batch of novels on my table yesterday,
Most of them bound in yellow—just the sort to throw away.
I showed them to my Bookworm, and I said, "Pray have some lunch,"

"I don't care if I do," said he; "I feel just like a munch."

"What is there on the bill of fare?" he asked, as he sat down.
"The books most widely read to-day," said I, "in all the town;
The books the people talk about, the books that dealers say
Relieve the book-man's creditors and drive the wolves away;

"The books you'll find all over, in the boudoir, on the train;
The books that deal with humble life, with lives high up and vain;
The books that take six pages to describe a maiden's smile;
Some of 'em tell you stories, and others teach you style.

"So sit ye down, good Bookworm, eat away and merry be;
And if I don't return by six, pray wait not up for me.
If anyone should call meantime you do not wish to meet,
Hide in my book of *Poems*; 'tis, alas! a safe retreat."

And then I left my Bookworm to enjoy the fresh-cooked food
With which the writing caterers regale the multitude.
I staid away till seven, and returning then to him,
I found that he had gone to bed, but in the twilight dim

I caught a glimpse of writing there upon my blotting-pad—
The writing of my Bookworm, and for him it wasn't bad.
He said: "Beloved Master,—I do hope you won't be vexed.
I've eaten all the margins, but I cannot go the text."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The Fine Arts

George Inness

GEORGE INNESS, who died the other day in Scotland, was one of our best-known landscape painters. Though a pupil of Regis Gignoux, and in his early days addicted to the mannerisms of the old Hudson River school, he quickly struck out a new and broader way for himself, and was one of the few men of the last generation who understood and welcomed the influence of the modern French school in landscape. The change seems to have been the result of a visit to Italy, the scenery of the Campagna, especially, having made a strong impression on him. On his return he painted several views of the neighborhood of Rome and Florence, remarkable for breadth of effect, vigor of coloring and carelessness of detail. He had a strong imagination, not always properly supported by memory; hence he did much that is obviously defective in parts, though, as a rule, well composed. His studies from nature were usually of passing effects of cloud and storm, and in that sort of work he had few equals. He was unhappily fond of crude greens, chrome yellow and other colors difficult to harmonize, and this makes some of his best canvases repellent to many who would otherwise be among his admirers. Of late years these defects were notably less apparent, and he devoted himself to effects of light and atmosphere, in which he was very successful. "A Winter Morning, Montclair," which was shown a few years ago at the National Academy of Design, is one of his best pictures. The hilly foreground, covered with snow, the purplish distance and the pale blue sky give a quiet harmony of tone which is not commonly to be found in his work, and the peculiar quality of the atmosphere on a fine winter day is exceedingly well rendered. Of a number of works shown more recently, "Sunset on the Lake" is an ambitious and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to paint the effects of shadowy forms of houses, trees and figures, seen against the blinding light of the east just before sundown. "A Moonrise," painted about the same time, is a view of a village street, with the moon rising in a sky of wonderful depth and transparency. Among others of his best pictures are his "Pine Grove," broad Italian landscape, with a dark grove of pines in the middle distance; "Niagara," an "American Sunset," which was shown at the Paris exhibition of 1867, and a "View near Rome," with the castle and bridge of St. Angelo seen over across the Tiber. Mr. Inness was born at Newburgh, N. Y., July 1, 1825, and was for a long time a resident of Montclair, N. J., where he found many of the subjects of his more recent pictures. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Design in 1868.

Art in the Magazines

IN THE JULY *Author* Mr. Walter Besant discusses the subject of the American magazine and its great success. No English magazine approaches the circulation of its American contemporaries, and even in England itself our periodicals are more popular than those of English make. Among other reasons advanced by Mr. Besant for this state of things is the abundance of illustrations that we give, but he fails to mention the most important thing concerning them—their quality. English magazines are illustrated—*The Pall Mall*, *The English Illustrated*, *The Strand*, *The Idler* and others,—but their illustrations are very inferior to those of our leading monthlies. With us illustration is an art; in England it is a pastime—it entertains without instructing. The same class of men do not practice it in both countries; and furthermore, the English draughtsmen have not yet learned to draw for the photo-engraver, as have the American and the French. The leading illustrated magazine in England to-day is *The Pall Mall*. Enormous sums of money are spent upon its pictures, as well as its text, but to what do they

amount? They are childish as compared with the illustrations in *Harper's*, *The Century* and *Scribner's*. It is not the art editor's fault that this is so, but it is owing to the conditions of illustrative art in England. The two best things in the August *Pall Mall* have come from France. They are medallions illustrating Music and Literature, drawn by Sauber and engraved by Florian. With more of this sort of work, *The Pall Mall* will raise the level of its art to a much higher plane. Sauber's illustrations in "Mine Host the Cardinal," which are reproduced by the Swantype, prove what can be done for a drawing by the engraver, for they do not compare with the medallions in which Florian has shown his skill. "Pomona's Travels" is illustrated by Mr. A. B. Frost, an American artist who knows how to draw for the photo-engraver. There is a spirited drawing of "A Native Indian Drummer," by Arthur Jules Goodman, also an American artist; and Abbey Altson's illustrations for Mr. Aldrich's poem, "Andromeda," are not without a certain prettiness. "The Bookworm," by Rab, is a clever sketch, and is well engraved. The photogravures, of which there are three in this number, do not come under the head of art.

Now take the August *Harper's* and see the difference between the American process-work and that of England. Note Mr. Smedley's illustrations in Mr. Ralph's story of "Old Monmouth," in Mr. Matthews's "A Vista in Central Park," or in Mr. Warner's story. They are made by the Kurtz process. Here we have the artist and the process-engraver working in perfect harmony, and the result is almost as fine as that brought about by the graver. Mr. Remington's illustrations of his own paper are even better. There are few artists who know so well how to work for mechanical engraving as Mr. Remington. An admirable piece of work is Mr. Thulstrup's in "Up the Coast of Norway." The illustration on page 381 has all the softness and light and shade of a mezzotint engraving. Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations of "Trilby" lend themselves particularly well to the work of photo-engraving, because they are pen-and-ink drawings. The engraver could probably not reproduce them any better, if as well. But to see just what delicacy and tone the engraver's hand gives to a picture, we must turn to the frontispiece, "On Shark River," drawn and engraved by Victor Bernstrom. In Mr. Castaigne we have another artist who is a master of the art of drawing for process-engraving. He is a Frenchman and learned his art in France, where they have long made a specialty of it. I doubt whether the engraver could do him the justice that the camera does. It would be very difficult to catch his peculiar effects with the hand. His illustrations to "Washington as a Spectacle," in *The Century*, make this clear, especially the picture on page 490. Mr. Sterner shows himself in a new light in his illustration of "Poe in the South." There is an imaginative quality in his work that goes well with that of the author he illustrates. For work with the graver it would be hard to find anything more satisfactory than Mr. Timothy Cole's reproduction of Quinten Massys's portrait of his second wife. Here we have something that mechanical engraving can never give—the personality of the engraver, the touch of the artist. In looking at this picture one feels the dignity of handwork over that of the machine. Another fine example of the engraver's art is the frontispiece of *Scribner's*, Carolus Duran's "The Poet with the Mandolin," engraved by W. B. Closson. Here, again, we have what photo-engraving cannot give. The name of W. S. Vanderbilt Allen is comparatively new in the art world, but it accompanies some spirited scenes of Newport life, which have had the distinction of being engraved. Kaemmerer's illustrations of Prof. C. G. D. Roberts's poem would have gained much, had Florian touched them into life; as it is, they have lost by the "process." On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the engraver could have done more for Castaigne's illustrations of Mr. Bunner's story. Process work has seldom been seen to better advantage than in the picture opposite page 164. Mr. Sterner's illustrations of "An Undiscovered Murder" are, if anything, better than those he has in *The Century*. They are certainly more pleasing in subject, and the one on page 183 is a gem. No, one does not find such art in the English magazines.

The Trumbull Paintings Once More

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Referring to your editorial comments in the June 30 issue of your paper, on the Trumbull sketches owned by me, I beg to say, in answer to implied query, that there is nothing at all surprising in the fact that Trumbull could produce so many compositions of several figures and single portraits during the year 1776, or even during the first half of that year. A well-known and prominent

New York artist, who carefully examined the portrait of Benedict Arnold, one of the best in the collection, expressed the opinion that it had been drawn and finished, probably, within one hour or perhaps less, the work betraying to his practiced eye the most skillful and yet astonishingly rapid use of the brush. At this rate all the groups and most of the portraits could have been produced within a very brief period of time, certainly at the rate of one per day, and from the nature of his official occupation we know that Trumbull had abundant leisure to devote to his favorite pastime.

Concerning the other questions raised by your comments, I will say that while I possess documentary testimonials of the kind mentioned, good enough as corroborative evidence, my belief in the absolute authenticity of each and every picture and object forming this collection is not at all based upon depositions or affidavits of former owners, but rests solely upon the results of my own critical, minute and exhaustive examination of the various objects, and the opinions expressed by men who are thoroughly acquainted with the works of John Trumbull, their peculiar style, beauties and defects.

It may be an interesting fact, and one which should be known, that among the framed objects, not pictures, are eight which bear autographic inscriptions by Trumbull, and one, a bronze inkstand, on which his name is stamped or engraved; also, that while I believe that all the sepia work is now in my possession, I am not, by any means, the first one that drew from this collection. Beginning about three years ago, many objects, notably military uniforms of the Revolutionary period, drums, arms, etc., the paraphernalia of Trumbull's studio at Washington, have been drawn from the same source as my pictures, and sold, through reputable New York dealers, to collectors. The authenticity of these objects has never been questioned; they were sold for what they appeared to be, not on testimonials. But, as a matter of fact, it would be much easier for an expert, accomplished counterfeiter, equipped with material made in the last century and possessing all the technical knowledge required, to imitate, for instance, the uniform of the Hessian Colonel Kuyphausen, killed at Trenton (one of the objects sold), than the most magnificent portrait in my Trumbull collection.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1894.

ED. FROSSARD.

Notes

FRANCIS HENRY UNDERWOOD, LL.D., United States Consul at Glasgow, 1885-9, and lately at Leith, Scotland, died on August 7, at the latter place. He was born at Enfield, Mass., on Jan. 12, 1825, and educated at Amherst, taking his degree, however, in Kentucky, where he was admitted to the bar. He was connected for some years with the old publishing-house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., and was the originator and first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, which owes much of its early success to his excellent management. His works are "A Handbook of English Literature," 2 vols.; "The Builders of American Literature," "A Handbook of English History," "Cloud-Pictures," "Lord of Himself," "Man Proposes," "The True Story of Exodus," "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," "James Russell Lowell," "John Greenleaf Whittier," "The Poet and the Man" (Lowell again) and "Quabbin." He contributed freely to periodical literature, and delivered a series of successful lectures on "American Men of Letters" in Glasgow, where he had succeeded Bret Harte as Consul.

—Mr. William Michael Rossetti, a brother of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, will shortly resign the post of Assistant Secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue in which he has served the British Government for 47 years. He is also an art critic, and took an active part in the pre-Raphaelite movement.

—Prof. James Strong, S.T.D., LL.D., the eminent Biblical and Hebraic scholar, died at Round Lake, N. Y., on Aug. 7. Born in New York, August 14, 1822, Prof. Strong took his degree in 1844. He was Professor of Biblical Literature and Acting President of Troy University, 1858-61, and was called to the Chair of Exegetical Theology in Drew Seminary in 1868. Besides being a distinguished scholar, he was at one time a railroad president, having built the Flushing Railroad. Though he was never ordained, he was a member of the Anglo-American Commission for the revision of the Bible, in 1881, and with the Rev. Dr. McClintock edited the "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature." His works include "A Literal Translation of the Book of Ecclesiastes," "Scripture History Delineated from the Biblical Records and All Other Accessible Sources," "Irenics: a Series of Essays showing the Virtual Agreement between Science and the Bible" and "The Tabernacle of Israel in the Desert." His *magnum opus*, the "Ex-

haustive Concordance of the Bible," upon which he had been engaged for more than thirty years, was published in April last.

—The novel which Mr. Stevenson has just finished ("St. Ives") relates the adventures of a French naval officer, who was for a time a captive in a Scotch prison. "The Lord Justice-Clerk" is almost finished. The story deals with Scotch life in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Both of these books will be published in three-volume form. It is understood that "The Ebb Tide" is the last of the novels in which Mr. Stevenson will have his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, as a collaborator. The latter gentleman is writing a story similar to "The Wreckers."

—The Messrs. Appleton will publish in September "The Trail of the Sword," a Canadian romance of the eighteenth century, by Gilbert Parker, and a novel by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," called "A Flash of Summer."

—The Grolier Club will hold an exhibition of American book-plates on October 4-20, and invokes the cooperation of collectors. Old and modern American book-plates, book-plate literature, contemporary portraits of owners and engravers of early plates will be shown, but foreign examples of particular value or interest will also be included. Intending exhibitors should send all communications to Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, who will have special charge, at his address, P. O. Box 925, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Allen's "American Book-Plates: a Guide to their Study, with Examples," by the way, will be published this fall by Macmillan & Co. in this country, and in England by Bell & Sons, who will add it to their Ex Libris Series. The work will contain reproductions of many rare and interesting plates, and also many impressions taken direct from old and recent coppers that have been loaned for the illustrating, and, finally, a numbered list of over 900 early American plates. Mr. Allen's standing as an authority on the subject will make the book welcome to all collectors and amateurs.

—Mr. Theodore Stanton has been engaged in Paris during the last year in preparing a series of lectures on the Third French Republic, which he will deliver before the Wisconsin State University. While in Madison Mr. Stanton will be the guest of President Adams.

—A new translation of Molière, by Miss Wormeley, is announced by Roberts Bros.

—One of our readers writes from Europe:—"I noticed in a recent number of *The Critic* the question whether Nadaud's celebrated 'Carcassonne' has ever been translated into English. Mrs. John Sherwood of New York has given a spirited rendering of the song, and it has been reprinted several times."

—"Curb, Snaffle and Spur," on training for young men for the cavalry service, by Edward L. Anderson, will be brought out by Little, Brown & Co.

—Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, until recently proprietor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, is now in Paris. He says that he has been offered, in Chicago or New York, the ownership of not less than seven different newspapers, which shows either that Mr. Kohlsaat is a good business man, or that journals find it hard just now to make both ends meet. Both alternatives are probably true. The phenomenal growth of the *Inter-Ocean* during the last three years proves that Mr. Kohlsaat is at least a successful publisher.

—A committee has been formed in Germany for the erection of a Bülow monument in Hamburg.

—The London *Daily Chronicle*, which prints a great many literary tid-bits, recently had the following:—"The prices of rare books constantly fluctuate, and from many causes; but nothing more frequently induces depreciation in value than the sudden discovery of a parcel of copies long hidden and unknown. Until quite recently one of the scarcest of the first editions of the writings of Charles Dickens was a thin octavo pamphlet of 71 pages, entitled, 'The Village Coquettes: A Comic Opera. In two Acts. London: Richard Bentley: 1836.' So rare was this book that very few collectors could boast the possession of it, and an uncut example might always be sold for 30*l.* or 40*l.* About a year before his death Dickens was asked by Mr. Locker-Lampson whether he had a copy; his reply was, 'No, and if I knew it was in my house, and if I could not get rid of it in any other way, I would burn the wing of the house where it was'—the words, no doubt, being spoken in jest. Not long since a mass of waste paper from a printer's warehouse was returned to the mills to be pulped, and would certainly have been destroyed, had not one of the workmen employed upon the premises caught sight of the name of 'Charles Dickens' upon some of the sheets. The whole parcel was care-

fully examined, and the searchers were rewarded by the discovery of nearly a hundred copies of 'The Village Coquettes,' in quires, clean and unfolded. These were passed into the market, and the price at once fell to something like 5*l.* A fine copy in handsome binding has just been sold by Messrs. Sotheby for 6*l.* 10*s.*

—M. Paul Blouët ("Max Q'Rell") sails for America on October 31. This will be his fourth lecture tour in the United States.

—Charles Scribner's Son's will shortly publish, by subscription, "The Woman's Book," consisting of chapters interesting to the sex, contributed by many well-known writers, both male and female. It will contain over 400 illustrations. They have in press "Marsena," a new story by Harold Frederic.

—Mary Anderson's Memoirs will have for their frontispiece a reproduction of the ex-actress's portrait by G. F. Watts.

—Methuen & Co., London, will publish a new edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," edited by Mr. J. B. Bury, who will provide the necessary introductions, notes and appendices to bring the work up to the standard of recent research.

—D. C. Heath & Co. announce a book on "Animal Life," by Miss Florence Bass, written on the same lines as her "Plant Life," in Nature Stories for Young Readers. Most of the stories will be of insect life. They will also publish Pailleron's "Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie," edited by A. C. Pendleton.

—Ginn & Co. will publish, this month, "Citizenship: a Book for Classes in Government and Law," by Julius H. Seelye, D.D.

—Among T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s announcements are a translation of "Monte Cristo," illustrated by Frank T. Merrill; a two-volume edition of "The Three Musketeers," with 250 illustrations by Maurice Leloir; "Some Famous Leaders Among Men," Sarah K. Bolton's new "famous" book for young people; and "The Footprints of the Jesuits," by R. N. Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy.

—It is said that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a play, and that it is under consideration by Mr. Irving.

—The Spirit of '76 Publishing Co. of New York City has been incorporated. Its purpose is to publish a monthly magazine devoted to the news and interests of colonial and early American societies.

—Daniel Vierge, whose clever illustrations of Pablo de Segovia are well-known in this country, has just arranged with an American publishing firm to illustrate that masterpiece of Spanish fiction, "Gil Blas." It is hardly necessary to say that this edition will be the standard. Since some of the drawings of "Pablo de Segovia" were made, Mr. Vierge has lost the use of his right hand, but he is said to work as well with his left.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish "A Story of Courage: Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation," by George Parsons Lathrop.

—The *Nuova Antologia* directs the special attention of its readers to the following English novels:—"A Valiant Ignorance," by Mary Angela Dickens; "A Soldier of Fortune," by L. T. Meade; "A Modern Amazon," by George Paston; "A Costly Freak," by Maxwell Gray; "The Evil Eye," by G. S. Godkin; "A Puritan Pagan," by Julien Gordon; and "A Beginner," by Rhoda Broughton.

—The coming Japanese Minister to this country, Mr. Kaneko, was educated at Harvard College. He is about forty years of age.

—Mr. J. L. G. Mowat, librarian of Pembroke College, Oxford, committed suicide on Aug. 7, by hanging himself. He had just returned from a vacation to help entertain the members of the British Association.

—Mr. Kipling will not return from Wiltshire to Vermont until the end of September. He is at work on a new series of "Jungle Stories" for *The Pall Mall Budget*. He is also revising a second series of "Barrack-Room Ballads," and contemplates the publication of still another volume of stories which have not appeared in any periodical, as well as a book of tales which have so appeared.

—On August 1, Stone & Kimball closed their Cambridge offices, and will henceforth transact all their business at their Chicago office.

—*The Pall Mall Budget* is authority for the statement that Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Browning have decided to sell their palace in Venice; and that Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, the publishers of limited editions of fine books, will dissolve partnership in September, the time for which they agreed to join forces having expired.

Publications Received

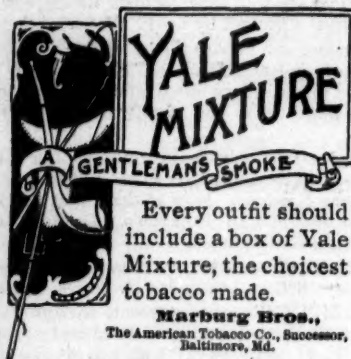
Alden, G. R. Wanted. \$1.50.
 Chester, E. Miss Derrick. 50c.
 Cobban, J. M. The Red Sultan.
 Davies, G. C. Cruising in the Netherlands. 2s. 6d.
 Elmalie, T. C. Little Lady of Lavender. \$1.25.
 Fawcett, E. Her Fair Fame. 50c.
 Fleming, M. A. Lost for a Woman.
 Heyse, P. A Divided Heart, and Other Stories. \$1.25.
 Hope, A. Change of Air. 75c.
 Hopkins, S. W. Two Gentlemen of Hawaii. 50c.
 Howells, W. D. The Garrotera. 50c.

Lothrop Pub. Co.
 G. W. Dillingham.
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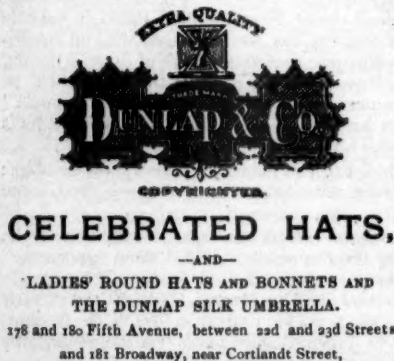
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